

George Eliot is said to have been "a veritable gold miner" to Blackwood's printing establishment. Her copy was exceedingly plain and easy to follow. Mrs. Oliphant on the contrary, is considered a "great trial to compositors." Her penmanship is very small, and has been compared to a "series of small waves" which is made decipherable only by the care with which she dots her 'i's and composes her 't's. Professor Wilson, the author of "Dies Borealis," wrote so wretchedly that at one time the compositors gave up the attempt to set up his work, and only tried again after being told to charge anything they liked for doing their best. Sir Archibald Alison, author of the "History of Europe" was called a "splendid fellow," on account of the amount of work he furnished, his clear copy and the many tables he inserted. Bulwer Lytton was absolutely the despair of the fraternity, and, on one occasion, a compositor who seized a "take" with great satisfaction, thinking it to be poetry, found it to be so severely readable prose, which the novelist had written in narrow lines in the middle of the page. One of Blackwood's men, who had once made a very ludicrous mistake from Lytton's copy being idle, and coming in just as some one shouted, "There is plenty of Lord Lytton in," fled precipitately and did not return until he thought all danger was over of being invited to work from the dreaded copy.

O, That His Too Solid Flesh.—"Dismissed from your boarding house! Why?" "Well, the landlady said I would either have to reduce my weight or go, and I can't reduce." "But why did she want you to get thin?" "She said my appearance aroused expensive hopes on the part of the other boarders."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Macrocystis, a seaweed of the South Pacific, it is said, often grows to be thirty or forty inches in diameter, and 1,500 to 2,000 feet in length. In no case do any of these have roots in the proper sense, their nourishment being absorbed from the water by all parts alike.

How Authors Work.—An ingenious reporter has been interviewing a number of celebrated authors to discover what are their habits and attitudes while writing. M. Alphonse Daudet, he tells us, smiles maliciously; M. Emile Zola repeats in a loud voice the phrase which is at the tip of his pen; M. Edmond de Goncourt moves his lips as if he were eating; M. Jules Lemaitre strokes his mustache with his left hand; M. Remy de Gourmont in the palm of his hand, as if to find inspiration there; M. Louis Halévy looks up to the ceiling to collect his thoughts; M. Melhac puts his head into his hands to meditate; M. Jean Richpin taps on his desk when he is in want of a phrase; M. Francois Coppée lights a cigarette while searching for a rhyme; M. Henri Bernier scratches his head; M. Emile Bergerat whistles; M. Jean Rameau, when he is writing verses, seems to be thinking of something else, and finally M. Georges Clément appears to be thinking of nothing.—London Globe.

"The Ghost of Leap Year." In France there is a popular tradition among the peasantry, especially those of the Seine country and of La Châtre, concerning a demon called "The Ghost of Leap Year." It is said that every Leap year this peculiar sort of evil demon makes his dread appearance. The creature's sole pleasure is to be displeased with everything and everybody. His shape is not distinguishable in member, joint or limb, but taken altogether his hideous and uncanny aspects make him a much dreaded monster.—St. Louis Republic.

A Primitive Princess Dame. A Princess dame, a member of the grand council of a certain seaside habitation, called to convene an election. The elector was a Liberal and tried to get some fun out of his visitor. "What do you think, madam," he asked, "about the eight hour movement?" "Well, it does seem hard, don't you know," replied the dame, "to make men work from 8 o'clock in the morning till 8 o'clock at night."—London Truth.

The Eskimo Circus. The Eskimo are very fond of theatricals. They mimic all sorts of animals wonderfully, and the man who can do this best is considered a great actor. This sort of mimicry is woven into the shape of dramatic entertainments. One performer will be a bear, for example, clad in appropriate skins, while the others hunt him. Commonly the hunt winds up with the death of the bear or seal.—Boston Transcript.

Pussy Did It with a Little Hatchet. A peculiar accident befell the two-year-old daughter of George Colvin, at Hope, Wednesday afternoon. The child was playing about the room in which the cat lay asleep on a shelf. Near where the cat lay was a hatchet, and a movement by the cat knocked the hatchet off the shelf, striking the child on the face and cutting a gash nearly four inches long. The child is in a somewhat precarious condition from the loss of blood.—Providence Journal.

The railway mileage of Canada has just about doubled in the past ten years. In 1881 there were 7,200 miles of railway in the Dominion, and last year there were 14,000. The earnings last year were \$10,100,000, and the expenses \$4,900,440.

A greyhound named Nevada, Mo., having had two pups carried off, hunted them up, carried them home, dug a hole under the house and hid them.

NO BIG ANIMALS.

WHAT VAST AREAS OF LAND IN TORRID COUNTRIES LACK.

Some Districts in Which There Are No Wild Animals of Considerable Size. Islands of the West Indian Archipelago Called a "Gameless Country."

A Russian naturalist, Professor MacLay, who passed several years in the interior of Papua, describes the highland district of the great island as a region as remarkable for its scenery and productivity as for its salubrious climate—a perpetual May in the terrace lands, with March and April plateaus here and there in the highest mountains. The area of the whole island exceeds that of Texas, but its population hardly aggregates a million, nine-tenths of the aborigines being lowland settlers, black idlers gorged with the yam roots and wild hog steaks of the coast plain. The uplands, too, abound with game and fish, and the only conceivable reason why the natives should hunt their hunting grounds to the sweltering coast jungles is their preference for a climate that enables them to dispense with dry goods the year round.

In the Torres range there are summits towering to the height of 11,000 feet, but the close proximity of the equator has covered the highlands with a luxuriant vegetation. Snow is hardly ever seen, but chill nights—light frost even—occur now and then, and the frizzle haired coast dwellers avoid the mountains as the Indians of Mexico avoid the Mexican lowlands. The highland is a paradise of birds, but the kingdom of mammals is represented only by a few marsupials (ground kangaroos, tree kangaroos and opossums), besides the wild dogs of the river jungles.

A much stranger country in regard to the absence of wild animals is found in the near neighborhood of our own continent. The West Indian archipelago, with its four magnificent islands and countless islets, has been justly termed the "gameless country," a region of more than a hundred thousand square miles, monopolized almost entirely by birds and insects (even reptiles being scarce), as if the archipelago had been somehow overlooked on the last two days of creation, and left to be settled by such creatures as could reach its coasts swimming or flying. There are forests teeming with spontaneous fruit, but no monkeys, no wild hogs, no bears or raccoons. The larger carnivores are not represented by a single species.

No panmas or jaguars (though both are found on the coasts of the neighboring mainland), no panthers, lynx or wildcats. Foxes, wolves and jackals, too, are conspicuous by their absence. The caves of the limestone Sierra would seem to be admirably adapted to mammals and woodchucks, but they are tenanted only by bats. On the fine highland pastures there are no bison, no deer, no antelopes, and, strange to say, not even rabbits. Sheep, goats, horses, donkeys, cows, hogs and even dogs were introduced after the Spanish conquest, and the only domestic mammal kept by the natives at the time of discovery was a small kind of wolf (guar) wolf imported from Mexico, and a few species of squirrel, which the Cubans fattened for culinary purposes without knowing anything about a classic precedent—the gliraria (rat kennels) of the ancient Romans, who preferred dormouse on toast to the best Syrian pheasant pies.

Dogs and cats were unknown, and that lack of household pets seems to have been the aborigine's strange expedient, for in "Ogilby's Voyages" there is an account of a San Domingo cacique who kept a tame manatee that made its headquarters in an artificial pond and was so well tamed that "when called by its name, Matoom, it would come out of the water and go directly to the cacique's house, where, being fed, it returned to the pond, accompanied by men and boys, who seemed to charm the manatee by their singing, and it often carried two children at a time on its back. Being once, however, struck by a pike in the hands of a Spaniard it never came out of the water again.

Manatees have become rather scarce on the coast of San Domingo, but are often seen near the island of Pinos, northwest of Cuba, where shoals of the strange creatures may be seen sporting about the reef like the sea lions below the Cliff House. Of all aquatic mammals the manatee, however, can claim the championship in the art of dodging a sudden attack; a leveled harpoon is enough to make them plunge under with a "no you don't" sort, and then pop up again at unexpected times and places, waving their flippers in derision, and ready to disappear for good at the first suspicious motion.

The luxury of the Dominican cacique was therefore not apt to be shared by many of his subjects. Puppies and kittens were never seen in their cabins, and the largest land animal of the island was an overgrown rat, known as the hutia, and measuring about eighteen inches without the tail. Its caudal appendage is a compromise between that of the true rat and the Californian gopher, which resembles in its form those for grain and in its burrowing habits, one pair owning often as many as four different dens, more or less connected by subterranean tunnels.

With the exception of that shy rodent, Cuba, San Domingo, Jamaica and Costa Rica have no land creatures deserving the name of a game animal, for even the omnivorous appetite of the Bayland dardies draws the line at the musk scented giant rats of the coast forests.—San Francisco Chronicle.

The Most Costly Book. The most costly book in the world is declared to be a Holocene Bible now in the Vatican. It is said that in 1513 Pope Julius II refused to sell the Bible for its weight in gold, which would amount to \$100,000. That is the greatest price ever offered for a book.—New York Sun.

An Old Circus Rider's Mania. Old Eaton Stone, the circus rider, lives on an eight-acre farm near this village. He is almost as active as he was years ago when, during fights on horseback made him famous all over the world. He is seventy-four years old, but keeps constantly busy. When he has nothing else to do he gets out his oil colors and adds to the unique decorations of the ancient farmhouse in which he resides. Nothing exactly like Mr. Stone's painting is to be found elsewhere, and what he has done in a score of years must have kept him well employed. Almost everything in the house

is decorated. Red of the brightest vermilion hue, green which rivals the grass in June, yellow which would do credit to the daffodil and blue of the most lively shade, go into all his scrolls, stars, flowers, stripes and nondescript figures. The ceiling of the dining room is hidden in wonderful designs traced in vivid colors. There is no attempt at blending or composing colors. They are laid on as they come from the paint and tubes, and the pictures are original creations. Even the stove has come in for a base line of vivid decoration, and one of the two clocks in the room is completely covered with paint. The picture frames are decorated; the mantel has a generous share of decoration; the old cloth table covers have added designs. The maker never contemplated, and even the chairs have been treated to a display of the old man's handiwork. On the walls, and even on the doors, he has oil paintings and compositions from his brush. They are not high art, but they are very effective and show considerable genius.—Franklin (N. J.) Cur. Boston Herald.

The Muscular Strength of a Trout.

We sat for an hour or more on the east bank of the Beaverkill at Rockland and watched the trout of that celebrated river passing over the dam, which is nearly three feet high, with about a four-inch volume of water pouring over it. The trout ranged in size from ten to eighteen inches, and during the time we sat there at least twenty managed to get over. In many instances a first attempt failed, owing, however, more to an apparent want of judgment, or perhaps of experience, than from lack of physical ability in the trout to accomplish the feat, the smaller fish a rule failing to get over in the first effort. But few of the larger fish made a clean jump into the smooth water above the apron of the dam; most of them passed perpendicularly up the falling water and with apparent ease. These fish were enabled to swim straight up this downpour of the waters by the great muscular power they possessed; there was no trick, no sleight of hand about it—it was pure strength of body, which is evidently centered in the peduncle or tail and the tail fin. They actually sculled their bodies up this comparatively dense mass of water. The query naturally arises: If a 10-inch trout can swim up such a fall, what is the capacity of a salmon of forty inches under similar conditions?—American Angler.

Why the Car Went to Kiel.

There is not another place in the world where the emperor of Russia feels so secure and so easy in his mind as at the court of his father-in-law, King Christian of Denmark. They were sitting together on the day of the golden wedding of the king, when the emperor, in the exuberance of his feelings of comfort, said that he could not think of anything by which he could give to his beloved father a very great pleasure. "You could not give me a greater pleasure," replied the king, "than I should feel at your resolve to go and pay a visit to the emperor of Germany." The czar consented, but he would not go to Berlin. Thus the meeting at Kiel was arranged. What all the cleverest moves of the diplomats of Germany had failed to accomplish a wise prayer of old King Christian, thus easily brought about.—Chicago Times.

Speaking of Dates.

"Did you ever notice the curious difference in the sexes which is shown in the way a man or a woman fixes a date?" remarked a gentleman to a lady the other day. "You ask a man when such and such a thing happened, and he always answers, 'in the year so and so,' or 'about 1800 and something'; but the woman invariably says, 'About so many years ago,' or 'it was so many years after I was married,' or 'the year after Teddie was born,' and so on." "Yes," replied his companion, "I have noticed it in myself. I feel that I am getting like the western widow who dated all her farming operations from or before the year I planted Jim," which was her husband's name of reference to her husband's burial.—New York Tribune.

A Ten Thousand Year Clock.

Herr A. Noll, of Berlin, Germany, has constructed the most marvelous timepiece that was ever evolved from the human mind. Calculations based on two years of solid going prove that the maker claims for his wonderful clock, viz., that it will run for 10,000 years without winding. Hands on the dial point to the time of day, the day, the week, months, seasons and years. It also calculates the changes in the moon and tells when the sun is "fast" or "slow." The clock is the result of five years of patient, arduous labor.—St. Louis Republic.

An Expressman's Trial.

A woman in Biddford to whom a stove was sent by express requested the driver to get it to her in a day or two. He did so, and then she desired him to set it up and start a fire in it to see if the chimney drew all right. This sent him home in a fainting, almost exhausted condition.—Augusta (Me.) Journal.

Columbus Idea of the World.

Columbus believed the solid part of the sphere to be larger than the liquid part, and the distance by the round road between the East Indies and western Europe to be less than it is. But in those two capital errors lay the great incentive to the execution and success of his purpose. Had he known the vast planetary spaces covered by the waters, the continent interposed between his own Europe and the land of diamonds, gold and spices; the difficulty and peril of the passage yet to be braved in the far regions of the antarctic pole in order to sail from our continental Europe to the oriental Indies by the western way, he would perhaps have shrunk back in alarm and dread.—Emilio Castelar in Century.

Why, Indeed?

"Why does a dog run sideways or diagonally?" inquired the purchaser of a fine black Newfoundland pup of a dog fancier the other day. "Well, sir, that's a question I've been asked frequently, and after some investigation I have concluded the reason is that the animal has been brought up that way. Why does a chicken roost on one foot, or an owl keep its eyes wide open all night long, or a rooster crow vigorously at the break of early dawn, or a pig run homeward with its tail in its mouth before approaching ruin? These are questions that are as difficult to solve as some of the astronomical problems."—Philadelphia Press.

IN THE DEAD HAND.

They tell the tale unending. Old men, their heads begetting. As they can. Each said a word. They said who remember Lukermann.

Yet of that old story shines through the gloom and glory Of the light. Over the cannon roaring There shone a dark sun soaring Out of sight.

Ald, where men lay bleeding; In fatal pain whose pleading Made no cry. Shot pierced and saber smitten, A young and gallant hero Crept to die.

At sunset they found him With the red snow around him. And his hand Laid on the dead whose healing All hearts to heaven appealing Underlaid.

And 'neath his frozen fingers These words whose hope outlingers Traces a life. Glowed like a star's reflection—"I am the Resurrection And the Life."

Comrades to burial bore him, But none both the reading bore him From his grave. For to his hand clinging Still clung the leaf whose blessing Closed his eyes.

O Christian song eternal, Words sweetest love eternal Ever said. Peace at your call comes flying. And they who clasp you dying Are not dead.

—Theron Brown in Youth's Companion.

Great Expectations.

Mother—My daughter, you should decide in favor of one of your admirers or you may lose both. Daughter—Pa, I can't make up my mind which to accept, Henry or George.

"Then I am to understand that you love them both?" "Yes, I love them both most devotedly."

"Which of them has the largest income?"

"Henry has seventy-five dollars a month and George has fifty dollars."

"Then I don't see why you hesitate. Accept Henry, of course, and tell George to go about his business."

"Yes, but George has great prospects."

"Humph! Prospects don't count. Everybody has got great prospects, and twenty-five dollars a month is very handsome interest on such a capital as 'great prospects.' Next time George calls tell him that you can never be more than a sister to him, and get rid of him."

—Texas Siftings.

Why Billed Water Freezes Easily.

Water which is hot of course cannot freeze until it has parted with its heat; but water that has been boiled while other things being equal, freeze sooner than water which has not been boiled. A slight disturbance of water disposes it to freeze more rapidly, and this is the cause which accelerates the freezing of boiled water. The water that has been boiled has lost the air naturally contained in it, which on exposure to the atmosphere it begins again to attract and absorb. During this process of absorption a motion is necessarily produced among its particles, slight certainly and imperceptible, yet probably sufficient to accelerate its congelation. In unboiled water this disturbance does not exist; indeed water when kept perfectly still can be reduced several degrees below the freezing point without its becoming ice.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Mother's Ways.

Mrs. Spots (looking out of the window)—Goodness! Here comes that horrid Mrs. Waggles and all her children. What shall I do?

Aunt Totie—I know! Johnny, as soon as they get seated you say you don't feel well, do you hear?

Johnny (two minutes later)—I feel awful sick.

Aunt Totie—Oh, let me see your throat. Mercy on me! I hope you aren't going to have diphtheria.

Mrs. Waggles—I hope not. Come, children! We only dropped in for a moment.—Philadelphia Times.

Italians Eat a Great Deal of Flour.

The Italian peasant probably consumes more flour than the peasant of any other European country, because the manufacture of flour into various forms of macaroni is common in all the poorer Italian localities. Italians are peculiarly ingenious also in their treatment of dough, which they make into many curries and appetizing forms.—Yankee Blade.

The English Army on Parade and in Battle.

It is stated that when the English army is on dress parade, you can tell by which corps a man belongs from the badge upon the lapel of his coat; but when the army goes into the fight, the lapel is turned over and all distinctions are gone.

A New Arrangement for the Detection of Fire.

A new arrangement for the detection of fire damp consists in pumping the air into a testing room and testing it with a Bunsen burner. If the air contains a dangerous quantity of fire damp it ignites, and, moving a valve, sounds a gong of warning.

Four Different Peaks in the Mountains of Idaho.

Four different peaks in the mountains of Idaho are from thirteen to twenty-three feet lower by actual measurement than they were fifteen years ago. Geologists do not attempt to explain the "why" of their settling.

The Burial Mounds of sand in Florida.

The burial mounds of sand in Florida are rapidly disappearing in consequence of the way in which they are disturbed by treasure seeking natives and relic hunting tourists.

The body loses through the feet by heat radiation.

The body loses through the feet by heat radiation, especially when the ground is wet, a tremendous percentage of the heat produced unless the feet are well protected.

In Norway married couples are charged a fare and a half when traveling on the railway.

This is one of the privileges conferred on married people there.

George Washington's Bad Example.

Practical jokers never seem to tire of playing jokes on George Washington, or rather Horatio Greenough's effigy of the father of an unfaithful country, which stands guard before the Capitol. The public still remember the trick of some two years ago, by which George was converted into a cross eyed caricature of himself, and the memory must evoke laughter at the same time with condemnation, for it certainly was the funniest statue ever seen.

It will also be remembered that George sits with his right hand uplifted in reproving style, as if warning congress not to waste fools of themselves.

between the third and fourth finger of his hand some fourth of July jokers turned the remains of a Roman candle, evidently with the idea of assisting the statue to join in the general jollification. The effect, however, was ludicrous in the extreme, giving George the appearance of having just removed a gigantic cigarette from his lips.

During the Marine band concert the other evening, a little boy, who had evidently been lectured on the evils of smoking, happened along. Glancing up at the statue he nudged his mother and said, "There, ma, you needn't talk to me any more about cigarettes; George Washington smokes em."—Washington Post.

SHE WAS SHOT.

But the Mistake Was Perpetrated by a Harmsless Airgun. "I had a curious experience while passing through New York," said a western lady to some friends on the beach at Newport. "We had taken rooms at the B—k, and unfortunately reached New York just in time for an absolutely torrid 'hot wave.' As I had pressing need for a few days' shopping I kept my husband and brother-in-law for forty-eight hours, to their great discomfort, and they spent their evenings by the windows of our sitting room in the lightest of attire, drinking iced drinks and trying vainly to keep cool. The night before we left town we retired rather late, after the men had been selecting themselves in their usual fashion."

"It was so hot that it was some time before I could sleep, and just as I was dozing off I remembered that I had left my rings on the dressing table near the sitting room door, the windows of which were wide open on a fine iron balcony. A good chance for robbers, I thought, and was too lazy to get up to put them in a safer place. Late in the night I was aroused by the report of a pistol, or what sounded like one; and my first impression was that I was shot, for I was literally bathed, head and shoulders, in something that I felt sure for the moment was blood."

"Henry," I screamed, "I have been shot! I am dying." And I felt so strange and giddy that I was sure my end was approaching. "Take good care of the children," I murmured. "And, oh, Henry, promise me not to marry that horrid Miss M— (you seem to admire so much). 'What nonsense, Em! said my callous spouse, as he struck a light and turned on the gas, 'you have been dreaming.'"

"But I am wet with blood!" I exclaimed indignantly, feeling that after all he wasn't worthy of a tender death bed scene, and that I felt all right again. "By no means," he said, "but it is not blood, whatever it is." Suddenly he gave a great guffaw of laughter and pointed to the parlor, which was dimly lighted by the gasjet in my room. "Well, what is it? I don't see anything," I put in crossly, for by this time I felt thoroughly upset.

"Oh, it is too delicious," he gasped. "You have been shot, you poor little thing, but not by burglars; only by a soda water bottle, and there on the table, where he and my brother Harry had left them, lay a couple of bottles, one pointing as straight for my bed as if it had been aimed at me. Henry had cut the wires confining the cork of one of the bottles and had then concluded not to open it, and I suppose the heat may have helped the effervescence, for the force of the explosion carried both cork and the soda water across the room, hitting me on the shoulder."

"Of course you may imagine how my two men enjoyed my shooting affair and what capital they have made out of it."—New York Tribune.

The Value of Lime Water.

The value of lime water about the house in the summer can scarcely be overestimated. To prepare it is an easy matter, as all that is necessary is to put a layer of unslaked lime in a wide mouthed jar and fill it with cold water. There is no danger of using too much lime, as the water will only take up so much, however much is put in. It takes only a few hours for the water to take up all the lime that is possible. After it has stood say five hours the water may be drained off and more water added until the lime is all absorbed.

Acidity of the stomach is corrected by adding a little lime water to the drinking water. A teaspoonful of lime water added to a glass of milk corrects the tendency which milk has to coagulate in the stomach, forming a hard, indigestible mass. For this reason it should be added to the milk fed the children, and nursing bottles should be rinsed with it. As a mild disinfectant there is nothing safer or better.

Bad Taste in Jewel Designs.

There are some incongruities for which it is difficult to account. Why will a woman who is a good judge of a picture hang on her person a naturalistic bug or flower made out of gold and diamonds? The Prince of Wales buys much jewelry; it is his favorite gift, and wedding occasions, and he misses taste just as often as anybody else. In fact he must bear some of the blame of keeping bad designs in vogue. According to reports, he presented not long ago to a professionally musical bride a brooch which was an imitation of a violin, and his gift to his niece who was lately married was a diamond set flower. The prince can make such designs fashionable, but he can never make them in taste.

What is the matter with them? Several things. In the first place, jewels shouldn't imitate natural objects. It's a long story why, but I will try to abridge. Art that imitates is never good art. Imitations are adaptations merely for the skill with which one thing has been made to look like another. This is an idea that has nothing to do with beauty or with ornament, and it is artless and not artistic's work. Besides, to use an object, as a violin, for another purpose than the one for which it was designed is absurd and stupid. This sort of thing is a low kind of humor, on a par with puns.

True art is creative. It aims at producing forms of pure beauty. Such a form admits admiration for itself, for its form or color, without conjuring up foreign ideas. Art may make use of natural forms, but only to combine their beauties into a new form, never imitatively.—Harper's Bazar.

Mr. Gladstone's Eyes.

Fifty-four years ago Mr. Gladstone conceived the idea that it would be better for his eyesight were he to substitute candles for the somewhat primitive lamp by which he had been in the habit of studying by night. The light shed

Three little killers, soiled their mittens.
And didn't know what to do;
Till a wise old friend
Did recommend
The CLAIRETTE
SOAP
So true.
When these little killers washed their mittens
With this SOAP of amber hue,
Quickly vanished each stain,
And their mittens again
Were as bright and soft as new.

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by two candles was not sufficient for his purpose, but with the indefatigable perseverance which are his most marked characteristics he continued to perform his nightly task, with the result that his right eye became so much weakened that his medical adviser enjoined upon him the necessity of abstaining totally from work, and living as far as possible in a dark room for six months. Long before that period had expired Mr. Gladstone made a trip to southern Europe in company with his old college friend, Sir Stephen Glynne.

Once again a grave accident to Mr. Gladstone's eye threatened for a few days to produce the most serious consequences. It is well known that he did not begin to wield the ax as an amateur feller of trees until he was forty years old, and not long afterward a chip flew upward as he was cutting down a big oak and struck him in the right eye, which is the more sensitive of the two.

A few days of rest and of abstinence from work sufficed to restore him entirely, but it is a remarkable fact that the "arcus senilis," or circular ring outside the pupil, was developed in Mr. Gladstone's eyes at a much earlier period than is common with human beings whose life is destined to be more than usually prolonged.—London Telegraph.

What the Nation Was For. The Marine band was playing. The people were thick; the flies also. Director Sousa was standing on his little platform waving the magic baton, and naturally, from his elevated position, he was the cynosure of all eyes.

Among the crowd who had gathered to hear the concert were two old colored ladies, apparently from the back districts and evidently unaccustomed to such sights. One of them cast her eyes upon John Philip and inquired of her companion:

"Honey, what you spose dat man doin up dere wavin dat stick?"

"Go 'long, child," responded the other contemptuously, "he's shooin off de flies; co'ose; don't you see he's balldheaded an ain't got no hat?"—Washington Post.

A woman who can see. She's the woman who gets well. It's the woman who can't see and won't let her love who has to suffer.

It's not a need. There's a medicine—legitimate medicine—that's made to stop women's suffering and cure women's ailments. It's Dr. J. C. Williams' Pink Pills. It's a purely vegetable and perfectly harmless—no powerful general, as well as a tonic, laxative and purgative, invigorates and strength to the whole system. For periodic pains, weak back, bearing-down sensations, nervous prostration, and all "female complaints," it's a positive remedy. It improves digestion, enriches the blood, dispels acids and pains, makes you healthy and nervous, brings refreshing sleep, and restores health and strength.

No other medicine for women is manufactured as this is. If it fails to give satisfaction, in any case, the money paid for it is refunded. You pay only for the good you get. On these terms it's the cheapest.

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OFFICES:
At Silver City—In the Express Office.
At Georgetown—In the Post-Office.
W. M. MURPHY, Manager, Silver City, N. M.

RED FRONT BARBER SHOP,
P. L. BUQUOR, Proprietor.
Hair Cutting and Shaving.
Broadway - Silver City - New Mexico.
"THE CAVE,"
Corner of Yakov Street and Broadway, formerly occupied by Theo. Bergman, the tailor.
STEVE O'LE, Proprietor.
All the Finest kinds of
LIQUORS and CIGARS
Cold Aulander Beer always on draught.
HASTINGS Lumber & Mfg. Co.
DEALERS IN
LUMBER, SASH, DOORS, BLINDS.
FOUNDRY CASTINGS
Made to Order.

BRANDS OF
Southwest Cattlemen.
W. S. RANCH.
P. O. Address, Santa Cruz, N. M. Range, Santa Francisco River, Socorro County.

We claim all cattle and horses branded W. S. on any part of the animal also claim all horses and cattle branded W. S. on both jaws.

All horses of cattle branded W. S. on left hip or side and on both jaws. Underneath each ear.

We desire to call attention to our brands as above described. We will pay \$1,000 reward for the arrest and conviction of any person or persons who willfully imitating any stock in these brands.

CF on left side.
Range: Silver City, N. M. Range, Santa Francisco River, Socorro County.

Range: Lower, Middle, Upper, and West of Santa Cruz, N. M. Range, Santa Francisco River, Socorro County.

Additional brands: W. S. on left hip, 24 connected, H. A. C. on left hip, 24 connected, and 24 connected,